

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

VOLUME XXVI.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 9, 1897.

NUMBER 49

Published every week.
\$1.00 a year, in advance.

"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."

Entered at the Post Office, New York, N. Y.
as second class matter.

DENISE.

They had been three years married. They adored one another. She was young. He was young also. Two happy faces! Two charming souls!

Why had they come to this little old and isolated village 100 leagues from Paris? Surely the guides had never recommended it. Here the grass grew between the paved paving stones of the streets. And one could hear now and then, with its jolting and joggling, the jingling of bells and the rattling of windows, the yellow coach, which returned, nearly always empty, from the distant railway station.

It was Cecile who had thought of this trip. Roger had at first said, "No!" but she, coming closer to him, said coaxingly:

"Was it not down there in the little village, close to the mountains, that you were born, passed your childhood and became a man? Was it not there you lived with your aged parents, over whom we wept together a year since? I wish to see the good old country house of which you have so often spoken. And the garden, too, which seemed so large when you were a little child. You shall show me the well where you used to throw stones to hear them splash in the water—the tulip tree, where you found the nest of doves. I want to see the road you traveled to the schoolhouse. You used to stop by the way to eat mulberries, little gourmand that you were. How I shall laugh as I picture you passing by, when you, Roger, were not taller than a boot and wore short trousers. On your arm you carried a basket in which your mother had placed a luncheon of bread and preserves. No, Roger, I shall not laugh. Do not think me so frivolous. If I wish to go down there to your native village, it is because I love you—I love you so well—and because I am jealous of a past in which I have no share. Perhaps some day you might think of these things without thinking of me. 'Tis this that grieves me so. Take me where you were, mingle me with that which once surrounded you, so that henceforth you may never have a reverie in which I am not a part, so that I may never be absent from your memories, however distant they may be." Speaking thus, she raised her lips to his, and he consented (not without an air of melancholy) because of the proffered kiss.

The first days passed in this little village were adorable ones. Cecile enjoyed everything in the great, lonely place. Even the ugly, somber streets delighted her. The villagers who passed turned to look after her, marveling at her Parisian grace.

One evening there was a fete in front of the town hall—a shooting gallery, three turnstiles and some wooden horses. Mme. Prudence, the clairvoyant, was there. Cecile entered the woman's place to learn her fate.

"No enemy seeks to harm you, and every possible happiness is yours."

"Ah, I know it," cried Cecile, falling impulsively upon her husband's neck, to the astonishment of the clairvoyant.

She visited the old house where Roger's mother had died. "What a pity we are not rich enough to buy it," she said. Then she made him relate, with many details, the life he had led when a boy—at what hour he arose, at what hour he went to bed. She wanted to know, too, the place at table occupied by each member of the family and to hear of those evenings when he sat beneath the lamp reading aloud, while the old mother, listening, would fall asleep in the great armchair, her feet upon the fender.

But the garden interested her most of all. She at once recognized the well, and she in her turn dropped in stones to hear them splash in the water.

There were no more doves' nests in the tulip tree. "What a pity!" Behind the hedge ran the road to the schoolhouse. Cecile stained her red lips nearly black with the juice of the mulberries, and so happy was she that her eyes became clouded with tears of joy. She followed where Roger led. He was charmed to see her so tenderly affected. He, however, was very silent and smiled but little, trying

in vain to hide a feeling of deep sadness. Yes, truly, after they had returned to the little village he was pensive and morose.

One morning he dressed in haste and quickly left the inn where Cecile was still sleeping. He did not even place upon her forehead or lips the kiss that would have awakened her.

He traversed the village, passed the last house and entered a graveyard.

He stopped in front of a slab of stone upon which was inscribed a name, "Denise," and the age, "15 years." Here he fell upon his knees, his face buried in his hands. Roger had not told all to Cecile. He had not related all his youthful memories. She did not know that he had loved when a child another child; that the poor little one had died in the autumn, before having received his first kiss. But Roger had never forgotten her. Now, before this grave where he had knelt down, he seemed to see her again alive, and so pretty, with her sweet, pale eyes and delicate lips which would never again be red. He lived over again those furtive hours of their rendezvous behind the garden hedge, the impatience with which he awaited the letter which Denise every day when she returned from school would slip beneath the gate. Here in the silence of the graveyard he seemed to hear her voice. But the bitter certainty that she was dead, a vision of the head as it rested upon a pillow of flowers, of the pale forehead and closed eyes, overwhelmed him. He suffered again, after ten years, as he suffered before. His eyes closed and tears fell from beneath his lashes.

There was a noise behind him. He turned. Cecile, who had followed him, was standing there close to him. She looked at the grave. She must have read the inscription, and surely she had divined all. He arose trembling. He dared not say a word to his wife nor take her hand. He moved aside, walked away from her and passed out of the graveyard with the air of a child that, being caught in some forbidden act, takes to flight.

He walk a long time—it mattered not where—across the fields, not knowing whither he went, not having the courage to enter the village. He feared to meet Cecile, for, loving and jealous as he knew her to be, she would be furious—or sad, which would be still worse. Surely she knew now what he had so long hidden from her. She knew that he had loved a young girl—that he had loved her tenderly, since he still wept for her. Perhaps she would have pardoned him this early love—this love that he had felt before he met her, but she would never pardon the tears that the old love revived. No, she would never forgive that. He thought of the reproaches, the cruel words with which she would shortly receive him. Vainly he told himself that this youthful tenderness had left in him only a languishing remembrance, a very vague one, revived by his return to the village and by the sight of the barren and nearly forgotten grave. Was there the slightest resemblance between this dream of a child, faded and vanished, and the manly reality of the ardent and imperishable passion which he felt for her, Cecile? She jealous? Jealous of a little girl who had died before her heart had opened! What folly! It would be well enough to say these things and many others to Cecile. But she would never listen to him. She would repeat with sobs and tears, "You have loved her," or else (and this would be much worse) she would sit unmoved and look at him coldly—silently.

Nevertheless he could not remain all day in the fields. He must return to the tavern, where Cecile had already gone.

He searched for the path and regained it. He resolved to walk rapidly, but as he approached the village he slackened his pace, and it took him over an hour to get to his lodging and ten minutes more to mount the stairs. Before the door his heart beat strangely.

At last he entered.

Alas! What would she say, if she deigned to speak at all? He awaited a sad discourse or a sadder silence.

But no! She spoke, and very sweetly, with her soft voice.

"Ah! 'Tis you," she said, and, smiling, she raised her forehead for a kiss.

What! She was not angry? She was not sad? He did not see that her eyes were a little red, as though she had been weeping. Perhaps, he thought, she did not read the name upon the stone.

Another surprise awaited him. Upon the table, in great perfumed bunches, were lilies and white roses. One would have said that they were for a fete day, and that the florist had just left them.

"These flowers, Cecile?" he asked hesitatingly.

"What!" she said, and her voice grew still sweeter. "Did you not see that it was all bare and so gloomy—the little grave in the cemetery? Here are some flowers, Roger. Take them to Denise."

"Ah! dear one," he said, falling upon his knees, "how merciful you are to me and how kind to the poor little one who fell asleep so young. Yes, I will carry the flowers to her, or rather we." But Cecile said:

"No, no! Not that." And she smiled a little sadly. "'Tis the same with children, 'tis the same with the dead. We are all a little jealous. Look you, dear one. Should I accompany you to the graveyard, Denise would be less pleased to have flowers upon her tomb."—From the French For Short Stories.

DEAF, DUMB, AND BLIND.

A TEN-YEAR-OLD GIRL DOES DIFFICULT CHORES, THREADS NEEDLES, AND MAKES DOLLS' DRESSES.

From the Galveston News.

Mrs. W. W. Rice, is a widow living at the little village of Wyatt, in Ellis county. Her youngest child is little Ruby, just past her tenth birthday anniversary. In the fall of 1889, when Ruby was a little of two years old, that fearful plague, cerebro-spinal meningitis, with the spotted fever accompaniment, became epidemic in the neighborhood of the Rice family.

Her father, two brothers and herself were stricken down. The father and one of the sons soon dying with it. Little Ruby lingered between life and death for five weeks, when she began a slow recovery.

At the end of three months she could sit up, and from that time on she had to learn anew to walk, just as she had learned in her early babyhood. Her illness left her totally blind and deaf, and she has never since been able to articulate. In spite of her great misfortune, Ruby is a bright, intelligent, and pretty child. When the *News* representative called, Ruby and another little girl were seated on the floor before the fire, eating pecans.

Although unable to see or hear, she, by some means, seemed to know that a stranger was in the house, and began at once to find him. Having located the *News* man, she grasped his hand in welcome, then reaching out for her brother and sister, she drew their hands to his indicating that they should shake hands with the stranger.

Some of Ruby's performances are indeed remarkable. While the *News* man was present, her sister handed her a needle and spool of thread. The child put both the end of the thread and eye of the needle in her mouth, and, taking them out again, quickly passed the thread through the needle's eye. She seemed to locate the eye of the needle with her tongue. As is the case with most blind persons, Ruby's sense of touch is remarkably acute. Her fingers are soft and slender, with a peculiar velvety feeling, and they serve for her eyes as well as fingers.

Her sense of smell is very keen. Ruby seems to be as fond of dolls as the average little girl, and displays wonderful skill in cutting out and making dresses, aprons, capes, etc., for her mimic babies. She has a habit of inspecting the trimming and style of cut of the dresses of lady visitors; and she shows great ingenuity in so cutting and trimming her doll's wardrobe.

Her sewing is not confined to her

fingers by any means. She is equally expert with the sewing machine, and is very fond of operating it.

Ruby's accomplishments do not stop at plain sewing. After cutting and sewing her doll's clothes, she also cuts and works the buttonholes and sews on the buttons. She is, for most part, self taught in these manipulations. She keeps her clothes in her own trunk, and does not allow any one else to put anything in it. Not long ago her sister put some aprons in Ruby's trunk, but they were soon discovered by the Misses and were summarily cast upon the floor. Ruby, while affectionate and amiable in disposition, is by no means devoid of temper. When things don't go to suit her, she will slap the offender and then run away.

Besides her doll she has a cat, of which she is quite fond, and she also loves to play with chickens. Not long since she got up in the night when all the rest of the family were sound asleep, went to the fowlhouse, where she found a hen that was desirous of sitting. Ruby procured a box, in which she fixed up a nest of straw, and, gathering up all the eggs she could find, some three or four dozen, she set the hen upon the sewing machine, where her mother found it next morning. She sometimes goes into the fowlhouse—always at night—and catches chickens, which she puts into a coop. Next day, after amusing herself with them awhile, she turns them out. The chickens do not seem to be afraid of her. As may be supposed, little Ruby is very much humored, and, as far as possible, she is allowed to do just as she pleases, and amuse herself as suits her best.

EDGEWOOD PARK, PA.

A recent visitor at the school was Rev. Job Turner, who spent several days with us, and conducted chapel service each morning during his stay. Mr. Turner, judging by his sprightliness, is one of those young old men. He does not seem to have changed much since we first saw him in 1878, at the teachers' convention, which was held that year at the Ohio Institution. The pupils greatly enjoyed the visitor's cheerful talks in chapel and out, and hope he may find time and convenience to come up this way again some time. Mr. Turner attended prayer meeting in the city during his stay, when he met a large number of Pittsburgh's deaf people. He expressed himself as much pleased with his visit here.

Rev. Mr. Koehler was also with us the first of the week. He looks heartier than he did last summer. His work must be congenial, and his cares fewer, else he would not be looking so well. Anyway, we hope he will long enjoy his present good health and be able to cover his field of labor as thoroughly as of yore.

Rev. Mr. Mann was in Pittsburgh last week, too, and delivered another of his entertaining lectures on his European trip the past summer. He was greeted by the largest audience that has assembled for a long time in the Smoky City, and his lecture afforded them much pleasure and information. It is quite a coincidence that the three most prominent deaf missionaries to the deaf should be in Pittsburgh so nearly at the same time.

Thanksgiving Day passed off as usual, and after turkey had been discussed to the stomach's content, a game of football was played between the monitors on one side and the "Tea-pourers" on the other. The former won by 6 to 0. It is a pleasure to say no breath was knocked out, and no bones reported broken. This is quite encouraging, for it insures continuance of the sport so dear to the hearts of the majority of our boys.

Alice Teegarden had, last week, what she called a "missionary tea," which a number of her little friends attended. Each one brought a nickel or a dime for the "poor man's box." So, besides having a good time and good things to eat, they made up a nice little sum to be devoted to doing good.

The lady teachers and wives of teachers were very agreeably en-

tertained last Saturday afternoon at the Institution by Mrs. Burt, wife of the principal. The time was whiled away doing fancy work and in conversation. As the gentlemen were not invited, we are unable to tell how much work was done, but have no doubt enough Christmas presents were completed to save all hands any future worry on that score.

Mr. J. M. Rolshouse, of Sharpsburg, was out this week after a number of weeks of close application to business. He looks remarkably well, and has been increasing his weight at a great rate. There must be something not revealed to the general public that has banished care and put him in a condition to grow fat, or else hard work agrees wonderfully with him.

Mr. Howell Davies, after a long siege of pneumonia, is able to resume his work again. He was confined several weeks at the Homeopathic Hospital and, thanks to good nursing, he was discharged, ready to continue life's battles.

Mr. Jesse Kenyon, of Oswego, N. Y., is the latest addition to the deaf population of Pittsburgh. We understand he will locate here permanently, and if so, he is sure of a generous welcome.

Another of those pleasant socials was held at the 4th Avenue Baptist Church, last Thursday, where some thirty-five or forty deaf people and their friends enjoyed various entertainments and wound up with ice-cream and cake refreshments served by the ladies of the Church. The social only lacked the presence of their leader, Mr. Cook, to make it one of perfect enjoyment.

A very unique entertainment, under the management of Mr. W. J. Hayes, took place at Carnegie, a flourishing suburb of Pittsburgh, last Tuesday evening. As far as we can ascertain from participants and others, the affair consisted chiefly of an exhibition of the manager himself—his attainments as a lip-reader—his proficiency in singing hymns and his accomplishments as a pianist—and it is safe to suppose the audience was struck dumb with astonishment at what one poor mortal could accomplish, burdened as he has been all his life with deafness. For side frills there were sign declamations and conversations to give the appreciative audience an idea of the beauty and adaptability of the sign language. We would give the names of the other participants in this remarkable exhibition, but for fear of bodily chastisement we refrain. The city papers spoke in glowing terms of the exhibition.

By the last number of the *Buff and Blue*, we note that Mr. T. C. Coleman had lost his coop of Plymouth Rocks by chicken cholera, and the opinion of several chicken fanciers, ourself included, is sought, since he has adopted Rose Combed Brown Leghorns in place of the other breed.

Our advice is for Mr. Coleman not to let his chickens and cholera mix—keep them separated by all means—might keep the cholera in one compartment and the birds in another. That would be safe at any rate. Don't think his Rose Combs can dally with cholera with any more impunity than could his Rocks. As far as we can see, the trouble was wholly with the disease and not with the breed of fowls. The only trouble we have ever had with our flock, has been the depredations of dogs—four-legged and two legged. So far, we have been unable to decide which of the two kinds was the most malignant. Both were wonderfully effective in cleaning out our coop.

Mr. George W. Winch, who has done all the carving in one of the largest planing mills of Wilkinsburg, has been appointed to teach wood-carving at the institution. This is a case where constant application to duty with a determination to succeed, has its reward. Several of our boys have turned out to be good wood carvers, and we are glad to see that their abilities are recognized.

G. M. T.

Whether heaven be a place or a state, in any case, it will be well to be there.

THE BEGINNING AND THE END.

ST. ANN'S CHURCH FOR DEAF-MUTES—MOTIVES OF MEN—THE PURPOSE IN VIEW—THE SEARCH FOR TRUTH—THE END?

"Of the thousand or so of deaf-mutes in New York City and vicinity, only about forty attended the reception at St. Matthews."—Report.

How bitter the paragraph sounds to the lover of Old St. Ann's Church for Deaf-Mutes, and how disappointingly and bitterly it must make the "fashionable" congregation of St. Matthew's feel, the promoters of the consolidation scheme and those whose signatures made the two churches ONE.

It was but a slight indication of the true standing and true courage of conviction on the part of the rightful heirs of St. Ann's in thus, by their absence, of conveying their idea of the consolidation scheme. Had the deaf been of one single view and united on the plan of consolidation, their attendance at the reception in the NEW church would have been so large that the little church guild rooms could not hold half of them.

Why did they not attend. Ah! that's another story. Its a story that has been published broadcast, has been received by noted Episcopalian clergymen and voted upon as in favor of opposition to consolidation.

It is a story of the history of St. Ann's Church for Deaf-Mutes, from the beginning to its end; how the corporate title was ignored; how the hearing congregation, little by little, gobbled up the whole, and left not even the sheep skin.

We have but to turn to *Esop* for the fable of the shepherd and the wolf in sheep's clothing to exemplify the encroachment of the hearing congregation on the services of the deaf in old St. Ann's. The deaf generously allowed the hearing to have services and special hours thereof. Slowly but surely the deaf were crowded to the wall, their services interrupted by choir rehearsals, church festivals, Sunday school scholars and what not. Dr. Gallaudet believed his deaf-mute flock were happy. True, they were happy in the endurance of these interruptions; they overlooked what they considered—because it had been going on so long—a part of the regular service in this. Who, of them, would have dared to have told their reverend pastor that the interruptions must cease? Knowing it would have been of no use.

And it was this way, nay, and even more, for when the good shepherd was asleep, the wolf discarded his sheep clothing, and devoured the flock. While the deaf were planning how to spend the proceeds of the sale of their church to the best interest of the hearing and deaf alike, the wolf sprang out and devoured all, and the deaf found themselves without a penny.

The wolf! what did he do with the \$200,000 that belonged to St. Ann's Church for Deaf-Mutes? That story is too well known also, and we find the moral verified in *Esop's* "The Man, Boy and Ass." It has been said that "politics make strange bedfellows." That must be wrong—"The division of the spoils makes queer bedfellows, queerer indeed than was ever dreamed of in our philosophy and learning."

The rightful and only true congregation, thrown out into streets, and seeking redress in the courts in vain,—for what judge would help them when they saw both the pastors of the church were against them, the bishop also—are asked to join in Thanksgiving service on November 28th, for the HAPPY termination of the consolidation scheme. Were the deaf happy?

What a hollow mockery. The very word suggests disgust and chagrin. Were they thankful and happy in the thought of being outrageously robbed of their rights and their property? They were thankful that the outcome wasn't worse, because it couldn't be worse.

That opening Sunday service in St. Matthew's for the deaf was well attended, but it was not a happy, rather an unhappy and sorrowful flock, that listened to Dr. Gallaudet.

The most were there out of curiosity, and to learn what steps would be taken towards the erection of their own little church on Washington Heights, and to hear that the \$75,000 debt of St. Matthew's had been paid off. Its "fashionable and well-to-do" hearing congregation breathed a sigh of relief.

The outcome of the transaction is but another example of the truth that to give the devil an inch and he'll take an ell. There is some danger in according this freedom to all who may hold their convictions with looser grasp. If our convictions as to the rights of St. Ann's Church for Deaf-Mutes are mistaken ones, how can we put that implicit confidence in them which is the basis for prompt action? If we are taught that right was wrong, and error was truth, are we not liable to similar fallacies now under the new roof? Mistaken? The books of old St. Ann's are open to the public. They are not sealed in the corner stone any longer. See for yourselves and determine, if the stand taken by the rightful congregation was a fallacy.

If we regard an action to deprive the deaf of their rights a wrong one, no matter whether the opinion be right or not, no external considerations whatsoever can compensate us for acting contrary to our convictions. When we look back upon a wrong action, we feel remorse and this far outweighs any pleasure, we look back upon any right action, and are compensated for any pain with which it may have been attended.

Yet, be this as it may, a sudden and tempting offer to the deaf congregation of St. Ann's can throw an influence in the scales of justice. Our hearts and lives are devoted to its interests. Only as we cultivate within us the spirit of truth, the love of righteousness, the desire for a higher and purer morality, can we do our part toward lifting character into the honorable position which justly belongs to it, and the name of St. Ann's to the place we held for it in our hearts.

R. E. MAYNARD.

Killed by the Cars.

M. McMahon, a deaf-mute, was instantly killed about 11.30 o'clock yesterday morning, while walking on the D., L. & W. tracks near Chapin Street, Binghamton, N. Y. The accident was due entirely to the infirmity of the victim, and there will be no inquest.

McMahon had lived in Binghamton for some time and had been employed as a cigar maker. Together with his wife, who is a deaf-mute, he boarded at No. 167 Chapin Street, near the railroad track. A little after eleven o'clock yesterday he left the house and started to walk east on the east bound tracks of the D., L. & W.

A milk train approached him from the west, but his back was turned and he received no warning of his danger, as he was unable to hear the locomotive whistle or the bell. He was struck on the west side of the street and hurled across the street, landing in a ditch. Death was instantaneous.

Coroner Hills was summoned and had the body removed to McDevitt's undertaking rooms. McMahon's arms were both broken and his body was terribly cut and bruised. In the dead man's pockets were found thirty cents in money, a gold watch and chain, and a book showing him to be a member of the Cigarmaker's Union.

Coroner Hills spent the entire afternoon in an attempt to arrange whereby the funeral expenses would not be made a county charge. As a member of the Cigarmaker's Union, McMahon's heirs are entitled to a benefit, as he was a member in good standing. McMahon's pass book showed that he joined the union in Newark, N. J., in 1889.

McMahon was thirty-five years old and is survived by his wife. Coroner Hills made arrangements with the local branch of the Cigarmaker's Union whereby they will advance the money for the burial expenses of the deceased. McMahon had relatives in Saginaw, Michigan, and his wife will take his remains there to-day.—*Binghamton Republican*, Nov. 26.

NEW YORK.

Death Visits "Ted's" Household.

A WEDDING ANNIVERSARY.

And Two or Three News Items.

Last night, as my dear babe lay dead,
In agony I knelt and said:
"O God! where have I erred,
Or in what wise offended thee,
That thou shouldst take away from me
My cooling bird?"

"Upon the thousand useless lives,
Upon the guilt that vanishing thrives,
Thy wrath were better spent!
Why shouldst thou take my little one?
Why shouldst thou vent thy wrath upon
This innocent?"

Then, with soft music in the air,
I saw another vision there—
A shepherd, in whose keep
A little lamb—my little child—
Of worldly wisdom undefiled,
Lay fast asleep!

—Eng ne Field.

The pencil of our New York correspondent is silent this week. The bright and breezy sentences that flow from its tip for once will not be read. Sorrow reigns in his household and grief is in his heart. His little girl, Henrietta Frederika, the idol of its parents, has been laid at rest forever, and friends of Mr. and Mrs. Lounsbury have been extending condolences and heartfelt sympathy in their great bereavement.

Little Henrietta was two years and three months old—a quiet, sweet-faced, sunny-dispositioned little tot, to whom visitors at the Lounsbury household were unconsciously drawn. She was the pet of her grandmother, Mrs. Bothner, and the dearly beloved little sweetheart of all the relatives and friends of the family, while to her parents no day for them was gloomy that was brightened by the sunshine of her presence.

A few days after Thanksgiving, the little one became ill. A doctor was summoned and diagnosed the case as bowel trouble caused by some indigestible food. Whether or not this was a correct diagnosis, we are unable to say. But a couple of days after, the physician announced that the little one was suffering from acute bronchitis. She lingered on in a high fever, and was unconscious up to the time of her death, which occurred on Friday afternoon, December 3d.

The funeral services were held at the residence of Mrs. Lounsbury's mother, on East 58th Street, on Sunday morning, December 5th, at eleven o'clock. Rev. Drs. Gallaudet and Chamberlain officiated.

There was a large number of hearing friends present, and of the deaf, there were Mr. and Mrs. Charles Bothner, Messrs. T. F. Fox, J. F. O'Brien, A. H. Kohlmetz, George Lindemann, Moses Heyman, Adolph Eckardt, A. C. Bachrach, Henry Kohlman, E. A. Hodgson, Charles Schindler, I. N. Soper, Mrs. James Russell, Miss Margaret H. Jones.

The little one lay in a beautiful casket, lined with white satin and covered with white brocade plush, her little hands with fingers interlocked, looking as if she had fallen asleep.

The casket was covered with floral offerings, among which were a wreath of white and red roses, from the League of Elect Surds, a cluster of roses from Miss Margaret H. Jones, a floral piece from Mrs. James Russell, and another from Mr. Charles Schindler. Beautiful floral offerings were made by different members of the Bothner family, and other relatives of the deceased.

The remains were interred in the Bothner family plot in Lutheran Cemetery. "The Lord giveth and the Lord hath taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord."

As if to make the above quotation from scripture literally true, Mr. and Mrs. Lounsbury were blessed by the arrival of a girl baby, at 4.30 A.M. on Monday, December 7th. May she bring consolation to their troubled hearts, and live to be the pride and joy of her parents, so that the memory of the little one who came into their lives and then passed away will in the time to come seem to them like a beautiful dream.

On Saturday evening last, a few friends of Mr. and Mrs. Alex. Meisel helped them celebrate the tenth anniversary of their wedding.

The affair was gotten up by Mrs. Wright, and proved most enjoyable. The couple received several appropriate reminders of the occasion.

At eleven o'clock all sat down to a sumptuous repast, consisting of sandwiches, salads, Milwaukee Beer, topped off with cake, ice-cream and coffee. Toasts were drunk to the health and continued happiness of the couple, and Mr. Froehlich delivered the proceedings with a happy sketch of the matrimony Mrs. Meisel, telling how, when she was little Sophie Werdenschlag, he used to see her home from school, when she wore her hair in braids and resembled the little girl in the chocolate menier advertisement.

Mr. E. A. Hodgson said a few

words in a complimentary vein, which were supplemented by a fine oration given in Mr. E. Souweine's inimitable style.

After the supper games were played in the parlor, and stories funny and otherwise were told. Miss Block's funny story so affected the impressionable Mr. Froehlich that his copious tears saturated his handkerchief, and he brought in a brand new clothes-wringer (one of the presents) and ran his mouchoir through it to eliminate the saline fluid.

Among those present we noted Mr. and Mrs. E. Souweine, Miss Wright, Mr. Theo. A. Froehlich, Miss Minnie Elkin, Mr. I. N. Soper, Miss Bertha Block, Miss August, Mr. August and his hearing brother, the Misses Werdenschlag, two pretty sisters of Mrs. Meisel, Mrs. August, Mr. and Mrs. Werdenschlag, father and mother of the hostess, and Mr. E. A. Hodgson. The affair was greatly enjoyed by all present.

There was no quorum at the Saturday night meeting of the Order of Elect Surds, consequently business had to be postponed. An estimate of the attendance at the ball on the 15th inst., was given by Chairman Redington, and his anticipations are for a full house and a general good time.

J. F. O'Brien has hit upon a novel plan of disposing of his bicycle. If he succeeds in selling enough "chances," he will be seen astride a new bike when the robins nest again.

Anthony Capelli spent Saturday and Sunday in Trenton, N. J. He saw the Fanwood boys beaten at basketball, and went on a tour of inspection at the Institution. He says the printing plant is a fine one, and that in George S. Porter the Institution has a printing instructor to be proud of.

Miss Evangeline Kelley, of Brooklyn, who has been visiting friends in Bayshore, L. I., during the week, has returned home in excellent health.

Mrs. C. H. Vetterlein and her daughter, Helen, are now in East Northport, Long Island, where they went to spend Thanksgiving, and will stay with her parents a few weeks.

The Coming Ball.

The League of Elect Surds (formerly Fanwood Quad Club) will give a grand ball at Lexington Opera House Assembly Rooms, 58th Street between 3d Avenue and Lexington Avenue, on Wednesday evening, December 15th, 1897. It is believed that Mayor-elect Van Wyck, Mayor Gleason, of Long Island City, Sheriff-elect Dunn, and many other prominent men, will attend. The Elect Surds wish to entertain their friends and will spare no pains to make the affair a success. There will be excellent music and dancing, and all are cordially invited.

Yours respectfully,
THE COMMITTEE.

SERVICES FOR DEAF-MUTES.

DECEMBER 12TH, THIRD SUNDAY IN ADVENT 3 P. M.

St. Matthew's Church, N. Y.
St. Mark's Church, Adelphi St., Brooklyn.
Church of the Good Shepherd, Newburgh.
Gallaudet Home for Deaf-Mutes.
11 A.M. Holy Communion.

The 25th Anniversary of the Church Mission to Deaf-Mutes will be held in St. Bartholomew's Church, Madison Avenue and 44th Street, on Sunday, December 19th at 4 P. M. The Bishop of New York will preside and make an address. There will be interpretations for deaf-mutes. That afternoon, services in St. Matthew's Church, N. Y., and Trinity Church, Newark, will be omitted. The Newark service with the Holy Communion will be held on the Sunday after Christmas, December 26th, at 3 P. M.

Alex. Goldfogle

WITH
Alex. S. Rosenthal,
(Late U. S. Consul at Leghorn, Italy.)

Attorney and

Counselor at Law.

PRACTICE IN ALL COURTS.

320 Broadway,
Central National Bank Building.

New York City.

Notary Public.

Prompt attention given to all Court matters. All legal papers (Wills, Deeds, Mortgages, Bills of Sale, Etc.) prepared. Titles examined.

CONSULTATION HOURS:
Residence, 145 Clinton Street, N. Y. City.
Till 1 o'clock P.M. From 6 P.M. till 10 o'clock P.M. daily.

Office, 330 Broadway, N. Y. City.
From 1:30 to 5:30 P.M.

Write to Alex. Goldfogle, or call at either of the above addresses.

STATE OF OHIO.

Ohio School is Over-crowded.

A SUMMARY OF SUPT. JONES' REPORT.

Items of Interest.

[New items for this column may be sent to our Ohio News Bureau care of Mr. A. B. Greener, 908 Franklin Ave., Columbus, O.]

The Board of Trustees and Superintendent of the Institution transmitted their annual reports to the Governor last week.

In the outset the trustees agree with the Superintendent that the present building is inadequate to meet the requirements of the increasing attendance, and suggests the construction of a new building. After referring to a list of improvements made during the past year, the trustees then go on to say:

More than 3000 deaf children have enjoyed the privileges of this school since its organization. Many of these, it is true, remained but a short time and were in fact a small detail of the majority have been able to pass from the institution to the fields and shops of the busy world and therein earn a livelihood by applying the trades taught here. But the majority have been able to pass from the institution to the fields and shops of the busy world and therein earn a livelihood by applying the trades taught here.

Thirty years ago, when this building was erected, its capacity was doubtless ample for all who sought admission. In about ten years, however, the institution was overcrowded, and the legislature remedied the matter by raising the minimum age of admission from six years to eight years. At this time the population of Ohio was 2,300,000; in 1897 it is approximately 4,000,000, and we have no doubt that the deaf children have increased in proportion. The advanced work of the various charities over the State has had an influence in placing deaf children in school.

Wide legislation in the enactment of a compulsory education law has sent many to school who would otherwise have grown up in ignorance.

The educated deaf, now scattered over the State, performing the duties of good citizens, have inspired parents with a desire to have their own children educated also.

The combined system of education, whereby the deaf children are taught to speak and read lips has induced parents who have the means of placing their children in private schools to send them here for the sake of education.

For these and other causes the attendance is bound to increase, and the question, naturally arises, how shall we provide for their education.

In compliance then with the ordinance under which the Northwest Territory was organized, no deaf child should be deprived of an opportunity for a liberal education. In our report last year we recommended that the capacity of the institution should either be enlarged by the erection of a new school building or a new institution should be provided for. One more year of experience has convinced us that the former would be only a temporary shift and that the latter will prove the cheaper and wiser in the end.

We are pleased to inform you that another year has passed without a death in the institution, and with the exception of an epidemic of scarlet fever, which was brought into the institution at the opening of school in 1896, we have been blessed with good health throughout the year.

Following are the salient points of Superintendent Jones' report:

The attendance is the largest in the history of the school, being 285 boys and 285 girls, a total of 570. The enrollment since the opening, September 8, being 470, and for the year 530. During the past two years the attendance has increased one hundred, and had we admitted all who have applied it would have increased fifty more. This large increase of attendance has necessitated an appointment of four additional teachers and an increase of accommodations in the way of beds and bedding, tables, chairs, clothing, food, etc., all of which have been amply provided for with the usual appropriations.

Obviously, it was not the intention of the State in providing for the education of the deaf children that the institution should be a place of political prey. Knowing full well the institution can be best managed when all who serve it feel that the tenure of their positions depends upon a faithful performance of duty, appointments of teachers and matrons have been made with reference to adaptability and fitness.

There may be departments of State administration where the spoils system is advisable, but surely it should not be applied to the education of the children of the State, and the less so to the defective children.

As another step toward removing the institution from political influence, I would recommend that all supplies be purchased upon the competitive plan, the amount to be purchased, and the quality wanted with approximate date of delivery, so that dealers can bid intelligently, and that these contracts be awarded monthly. I feel confident that this plan, faithfully carried out, will prove not only economical to the State, but also a great benefit to the steward, to the superintendent and to the board of trustees.

The school, as organized last year under the new contract study, is doing excellent work and better results are promised for the future.

Since the opening of school in September last, we have scarcely needed a day's vacation. While the departments are heavily crowded, every precaution is being taken to prevent sickness, and we have every reason to look forward to a successful year.

year ending November 15, 1894, \$297.45; for year ending November 15, 1895, \$341.73; for the year ending November 15, 1896, \$304.98; for the year ending November 15, 1897, \$301.17.

There is another class of children that need legislative attention. I refer to the deaf, blind and dumb. There are not many of them, but this does not lessen the State's obligations to educate them. By reason of the loss of two senses, their education is difficult and requires special skill in the teachers. One teacher should not have the care of more than one deaf, dumb and blind child. The progress of the education of Helen Keller has been so marvellous as to make it imperative on the State to educate this class of children.

We noticed Monday morning that there was something unusual impressing the mind of Mr. Odebrecht as he came over to school. Just what it was he would not tell anyone. Wednesday it became noised about that he had an additional boarder to provide for in his household. It is of the feminine gender, and arrived Sunday evening.

Ah there, now, call Mr. Nentzling, foreman of the shoe shop, a papa. He excused himself from the shop Thursday afternoon on important business, and the next day was on deck smiling a smile a yard wide, all because an eleven-pound boy baby had been presented to him by his good wife.

Perhaps the following will interest some of the deaf of Minnesota, who knew the deceased, Henry J. Galpin, as he was a pupil of the school of that State. Sometime last spring we chronicled his illness. He was a sufferer from intestinal obstructions. In April he was taken to a hospital for treatment, where he lingered until July 29th. His mother, who had been informed of his serious illness, came down from Minnesota and was at his bed side when the final summons came. He left a wife (nee Miss Mary Wagenitz) and one child. His remains were buried in Woodlawn Cemetery, Dayton, beside those of his first child, and Rev. R. C. Dodds conducted the funeral services. During Mr. Galpin's illness in the hospital, Mr. B. S. Grove took care of him until his mother arrived.

Thursday evening, the older pupils of the school were permitted to attend a stereopticon lecture at the Broad Street M. E. Church. The lecture and views were on Bible history, and was delivered by Rev. Alexander Milne, who made a visit to the Holy land last year. Miss Olivia Brunning interpreted the lecture and described the views to the pupils.

Through Miss Feasley's influence the ladies of the institution had full charge of the girls' recreation hall Thursday evening, by giving a dance to their friends. A very enjoyable time was had by those who could trip the "light fantastic toe." Tees and lemonade were served during the evening. The teachers held their regular monthly meeting Wednesday afternoon, and Mr. Odebrecht delivered an interesting talk on Arithmetic, which was afterwards discussed.

The Alerts were to have gone down to Dayton this morning, to again try conclusions with their former opponents there. The rainy condition of the weather, however, put a stop to it, and so the season with the Alerts is at an end. They have made a record of which any club might feel proud.

The placing of the Werner Printing Co., of Akron in the hands of the receiver, has thrown several of the deaf out of work or reduced their wages. Bert Noble is one of the former. He has returned to his home in Triumph, Ma'oning Co., and began his hand in the chicken raising business.

Mr. Elsey lost no time after his house was burglarized in seeking another. December 1st, he moved to 216 E. Fulton Street. By the way, the fellow who helped himself to everything that was good to eat in the house, and carried off all the silverware he could lay hands on, has not been captured yet. Some of the knives and forks were found in the back yard the night after the burglary.

Miss Carrie Brainard, of Trumbull Co., is paying a visit to Mr. and Mrs. Frank Ingraham, in Licking Co.

Rev. and Mrs. A. W. Mann, with their daughter, were guests of the Institution Thursday evening.

Mrs. Simon Kinyry bade good, bye to her Columbus friends Wednesday, and left for her home in Washington Co.

Miss Emma Bard is enjoying a visit with friends up in Findlay, where she will likely remain until work is more plentiful in the bindery. This will hardly be before the latter part of January or February.

The D Social occurred last evening, and was a most pleasant affair to the pupils who participated in it. At its conclusion, refreshments of cake, ice-cream and bananas were served in the dining hall. A bunch of chrysanthemums was at each plate.

Dec. 4, '97.

Rev. Mr. Mann's Appointments.

DECEMBER.

11—7.30 P.M., Detroit, Lecture.
10—30 A.M., Holy Communion.
12—3 P.M., Evening Service with Sermon.

Additional appointments will be published soon. The address of the Rev. Mr. Mann is Gambier, Ohio.

CHICAGO.

A New Day School Started.

ELECTION NIGHT AT THE CLUB.

Comments and News Items.

(From our Chicago Correspondent.)

[News items for this column may be sent to F. P. Gibson, 3439 Prairie Ave., Chicago.]

The Rev. Mr. Mann gave a continuation of his lecture on his European trip at Trinity Church parlors Saturday evening. There were a very few present, owing to the Pas-a-Pas Club holding its monthly business meeting and annual election of officers the same evening. Mr. Mann also held two church services Sunday.

The *Chronicle* of Friday contained the following item, which, if true, will prove of interest to everyone:

It is probable that the basketball team from the Institution for the Instruction of the Deaf and Dumb, at Washington Heights, near New York, will come to Chicago this winter and meet crack local teams. It may also go to Detroit and Milwaukee.

I hope, if the team really intends taking this trip, that the *JOURNAL* will give due notice thereof, for the local deaf will not only wish to see any games that may be played, but also make the acquaintance of the members of the team. The *News* of Wednesday had a column illustrated article on this same team.

Tuesday's *Tribune* is responsible for this item:

A school for the instruction of the deaf children of the New City district was opened at University Settlement Hall, 4634 Ashland Avenue, yesterday morning under the direction of Miss Mary McGowan. There are in the district about a dozen deaf children ranging in age from 5 to 15 years, who have never received any instruction whatever. The work of instructing the pupils will be directly in charge of Miss Alice Schilling. The oral system will be used exclusively.

I suppose this is one of the results of the new "Bogardus Day School Bill," unless it is a new branch of the Chicago Day Schools; but if the latter, I fail to understand why the "oral system" will be used exclusively, as the Chicago schools are, under the policy of the Board of Education, run on the combined system, if we are to believe what we are told.

James Conway, of Erie, Pa., was in the city Saturday, on his way home from California, where he has been for the past 14 months. He spent the afternoon and part of the evening at the club quarters, leaving for home on a night train. He reported having met Fred Stephens, one of the club members, in San Francisco, and brought greetings from him to his friends here. Mr. Stephens intends to remain on the coast until Spring.

Mr. Regensburg is to lecture to the club members and their ladies, at the club room Saturday evening, December 11th. He announces as his subject "Hash."

Type-setting machines are again the bugaboo of those of the printers who escaped the first scare and its resultant loss of jobs three years ago. Mr. Morton is the first victim, losing his cases on the *Chronicle* Friday. Among those who are also shaking at prospective loss of jobs are Messrs. Kleinhans, Hunter and Carrol. Mr. Colby has been on the look for work for a month, and altogether the disciples of the art preservative are beginning in earnest to figure on where they are at or will be.

The Ladies Aid Society is to have a Christmas tree entertainment, at the M. E. Church Christmas night. There will be a tree for the little folk, with the usual adjuncts of Santa and his pack. The club gives up its usual custom of having a similar affair this year.

Mr. Hendricks, of Joliet, is in town visiting friends. He attended the club meeting Saturday evening.

Harry Brimble is spending a week in Milwaukee, with Mrs. Brimble and baby.

Considerable comment is being made by the school press on the positions of the Illinois School with regard to methods. To one and all we would say that the school is still engaged in giving the deaf the best education possible, adapting the method to the child rather than the child to the method.—*Illinois Advance*.

No one can find fault with the Illinois school so long as such a policy prevails.

We have not seen any one finding fault with the school, but have heard a few remarks among Republicans at the Governor and one or two that were not very complimentary to another officer of the State.

The Illinois School is one of the best in the United States, and will continue to be such as long as Dr. Gordon has complete control of it. We sincerely hope his health will enable him to continue at his post for a long time to come.—*Michigan Mirror*.

Regarding the above the *Mirror* is all right; *Standard* also; but it seems the *Advance* has taken fright at some comments made on a statement of the president of "the long-named association." Dr. Gillett, that the Illinois school was "no longer in the ranks of the combined schools." The *Advance* hastens to assure the school press that in methods the school stands

just where it always has. Why not assure the cause of the "comments" he is wrong, instead of the papers which merely repeated his statement and commented thereon? What's sauce for the goose is surely sauce for the gander in the case.

The December meeting of the Pas-a-Pas Club is always the most important of any during the year, for at that meeting the members choose the officers who are to look out for their interests, etc., for a year, and consequently the meeting Saturday night was well attended, and every one of them made haste to interview Treasurer Frank, and pay up so that he could cast his vote for his "favorite." There were a few visitors at the meeting, and they were treated to a sample of Chicago rush—the way the reading of minutes, reports of committees and such routine business was disposed of, previous to the election, making one's head swim. One new application for membership was filed—that of James I. Sansom, a former member, and a few announcements made, that being all the new business to come up, and then President Colby announced that nominations were in order. The club has no nominating committees. Any one is privileged to name his own candidate. When the smoke of battle had cleared away it was nearly eleven o'clock, and the following had been selected as officers for 1898:

Frank P. Gibson, President; William B. Wayman, 1st Vice-President; Fredo Hyman, 2d Vice-President; Richard L.H. Long, Corresponding Secretary; Fredrick Shatwell, Recording Secretary; Benjamin F. Frank, Treasurer; Harry R. Hart, Librarian; Adolph Olson, Sergeant-at-Arms, and Philip J. Hasenstab and Oscar H. Regensburg, Trustees.

As trustee, Mr. Hasenstab succeeds himself for another two years. Mr. Regensburg holds over for one year more. Mr. Olson was one of the candidates, and won easily on a second ballot. Mr. Hart, who, by the way, is a very modest young man, had the race all to himself, and Mr. Frank was elected by acclamation, this being his third term as treasurer. Messrs. Long and Shatwell, the secretaries, are quite popular, and Mr. Long's election was a foregone conclusion from the first, he being a sort of prodigal son notwithstanding. Messrs. Wayman and Hyman, the vice-presidents, are star members of the Bachelor's club (as are all but three of the new officers) and popular with all. Mr. Wayman's ability as an entertainer and Mr. Hyman's Chesterfieldian ways, are their strong points.

Beyond stating he is a charter member of the club, for what that is worth, the new president begs to be excused from any attempt at "autobiography."

F. P. G.

Michigan City, Indiana.

As far as outward appearances went, November 25th did not seem much like Thanksgiving, as it was a disagreeable day, dismal and rainy. But all the deaf in this vicinity report an enjoyable time, despite the inclement weather. Twenty-four hours afterward snowflakes commenced to fall, but they came too late for Thanksgiving, and that is about all we didn't have to give thanks for.

Mr. Thomas King went to Chicago November 28th, in search of work. The Laporte Carriage Company, where he formerly worked, does not give steady employment during the winter.

Rev. Jasper Cross recently sold his property in Michigan City, and purchased a house and harness shop at Sidney, Ind., where he has gone into business with his son-in-law. Mrs. Cross and children went to Sidney two weeks ago, to join Mr. Cross.

While attending a reception given by her grandmother at Mishawaka, November 10th, Mrs. H. W. Whitmore met with an accident whereby she severely sprained her knee, and was laid up for several weeks. At present she is able to go out again.

Mr. and Mrs. B. A. Richards, of Huntington, contemplate spending the Christmas holidays at Indianapolis.

Most of the deaf in this vicinity are talking of their plans for Christmas, but none of them seem to have fully decided just where they will go.

Rev. P. J. Hasenstab preached at Laporte, November 27th, nine deaf and quite a number of hearing persons being present. The sermon was a tribute to Thanksgiving Day, and we greatly regret being forced to miss it. We are indebted to Miss Mabel Connor for a report of the service.

The text for the day was Psalm, 100: 4, 5—"Be thankful unto Him and bless His name." For the Lord is good and His mercy is everlasting." Subject for Bible study was:—"In Jesus Only." The next service will occur either December 18th or 25th, notice of which will be given out later by the secretary.

Those present on the 27th were as follows: Miss Mabel Connor, Messdames Whitmore, Nurdyke and King, and Messrs. Nurdyke, King, Miller, Blymer and Loving.

PITTI-SING.

THEATRICAL NOTES.

A DUEL UNDER THE SEA.

Melodrama always finds some new spell for its devotees. The latest thrill it has conjured from its stirring stores is a fight for life between two divers who are down one hundred fathoms deep in the sea. The scene is one of a dozen vast stage pictures employed in the new melodrama "The White Heather," which has made such a tremendous sensation in New York City and which is running to crowded audiences at the ever popular Academy of Music. A marriage record which is needed to prove the good name of a cast-off wife is at the bottom of the sea. Both parties to the controversy determine to secure it. The woman's husband reaches the scene first and goes down into the water in a diving armor. You see him leave the boat and enter the water. As he does so the sea rises before you and you perceive the diver gradually descending to the bottom. Boat, billows, clouds, sky, all disappear upward and you seem to be sailing in the sea with the diver. At last the bottom is reached, and through a wall of green water you see the diver at work, immense fish-covered but covered with arms of the deep—swarming and swimming about him. Then you see the other diver come slowly down through the water, before she married. He touches the bottom just as the other diver secures the box in which the marriage record is contained. Immediately the two divers are in a struggle to begin to fight. They have knives and cut and slash at each other fearfully. The frightened fish dart away. Not a sound comes from the deep and the divers are on the ground—not a word—nothing—but the two men fight terribly, cutting at each other's armor and slashing at the life lines. At last the lines are severed and the husband with the boat overhead and he drops to the bottom, doomed. The air line has been cut for the other one, but he is able to signal to the boat crew and he is raised up almost lifeless. It is an awe some and sense-overwhelming scene. The vast audience is spell-bound through it. The agitation assists the stage tableau and only when the fight is over and the curtain comes down does the spectator get his heart back into place and let his wonder and admiration express themselves in unbounded enthusiasm. The deep sea fight of the divers is certainly a most extraordinary dramatic episode, and it is perhaps the greatest thriller known in melodrama. Popular prices. Matinees are given every Wednesday and Saturday.

PICTURESQUE WAX GROUP AT THE EDEN MUSEE.

Scarcely a day passes a new wax group is not placed on exhibition at the Eden Musee. They cover the happenings of daily interest and as soon as the interest in them is over they are relegated to less conspicuous places and become gradually a history of the world as well as of the Musee. During the past week a new group has been placed on exhibition which possess unusual artistic merit as well as general interest. They are both in the most prominent portion of the Musee, the Entrance Hall, and are attracting much attention. One is a representation of a Greenland dance given in honor of Lieutenant Peary while he was in the frozen North. The dances are characteristic of the Esquimaux of that section, and are always given in honor of distinguished guests. A special room has been fitted up in the Musee which is an exact duplicate of the dance hall in Greenland. It is a low one story, frame structure without windows. Fifty or more guests and dancers, and the charred Lieutenant Peary and his party, are in the room and the dance is in full swing. The music comes from a violin in the hands of one of the village celebrities. The group is a few feet in length and is a most picturesque of costumes, with the gayest of colors. Old women and children, and the men in the dances are dressed in the most picturesque of costumes, with the gayest of colors. Old women and children, and the men in the dances are dressed in the most picturesque of costumes, with the gayest of colors. Old women and children, and the men in the dances are dressed in the most picturesque of costumes, with the gayest of colors.

The Brooklyn Guild's Coming Entertainment.

The popular Christmas Tree Entertainment, which was originally inaugurated by the late Brooklyn Society of Deaf-Mutes, is again to be given by the Brooklyn Guild.

The enjoyable event will take place in St. Mark's Chapel, on Thursday evening, December 30th. Mr. John B. Valles, assisted by Messrs. Hugh Conlon and W. A. Moore, will manage the entertainment. Tickets are now out for sale. Now is the time to buy one, as there is only a limited number. Any one who buys one is sure of a present. Presents of every description will be distributed to ticket holders. Tickets can be procured of any member of the Guild. Every deaf-mute in Brooklyn should remember the date and aid the worthy Guild by their presence. The event will be, no doubt, a success, as was a year ago. It is popular among the deaf. Mr. B. Valles will be glad to see you all at the entertainment on December 30th.

J. B. V.

Rev. Mr. Danzer's Appointments.

DECEMBER.

12—10.30 A.M., St. Luke's, Rochester, (Holy Communion).
12—7.30 P.M., St. Luke's, Rochester.
19—10.30 A.M., Christ Church, Binghamton, Holy Communion.
19—3.30 P.M., Christ Church, Binghamton, Evening Prayer.
26—10.45 A.M., St. Paul's, Buffalo, Holy Communion.
26—7.30 P.M., St. Paul's, Buffalo, Evening Prayer.
29—7.30 P.M., St. Paul's Parish House, Buffalo, Lecture by Mr. W. G. Jones.
30—7.30 P.M., St. Luke's Parish House, Rochester, Lecture by Mr.

FANWOOD.

The Fanwood Basket Ball Team.

GAMES PLAYED AND TO PLAY.

The News of the Week Briefly Chronicled.

From our Fanwood Correspondent.

The Fanwood Basket Ball team of 1897-'98 has already played several games, and has yet several important games to play.

The Team :

HENRY MUENCH Left Forward
ELI ELLIS, JR. Right Forward
T. G. COOK Centre
JAMES AVENS Left Guard
EDWARD RAPPHOLDT Right Guard

SUBSTITUTES.

EUGENE MOESLEIN Guard
THOMAS ORMAN Forward

Games played :

Oct. 22.—15th. Sep. Co., at Poughkeepsie.
" 29.—Waverly A. C., at Yonkers.
Nov. 2.—Washington Heights Y. M. C. A., of New York.
" 6.—Olivet Chapel, of New York.
" 13.—Fourth Sep. Co., at Yonkers.
" 17.—Olivet Chapel, at Fanwood.
" 18.—Knickerbocker A. C., New York.
" 20.—Stamford Y. M. C. A., at Stamford.
" 26.—Wallingford, at Wallingford, Conn.
" 27.—New Britain, at New Britain, Conn.
Dec. 4.—Trenton, at Trenton, N. J.

The games to play with several open dates are :

Dec. 11.—Washington Heights Y. M. C. A.
" 17.—Co. B, 71st Regiment.
" 22.—Bethany Mission.
Jan. 7.—15th Sep. Co., Poughkeepsie.
" 15.—Germanstown Y. M. C. A., of Philadelphia.
" 22.—Penn. Wheelmen, Phila., Pa.
" 29.—Y. M. C. A., at Millville, N. J.
Feb. 5.—
" 12.—
" 17.—Knickerbocker A. C., New York.
" 26.—Camden A. A., at Camden, N. J.
Mar. 5.—
" 12.—
" 19.—
" 26.—

Now that the Thanksgiving recess is over, all outdoor sports, such as football, golf, and bicycling, have been temporarily suspended, and the time hangs heavily on those who have a fancy for these exhilarating sports. However, there is one sport which is uppermost in the minds of our boys, and that is skating. If one were to drop in on the grounds, when the pupils are released from the class-room and shops, he would see for himself an animated crowd of youngsters, dragging barrels of earth up the hill and depositing it along the sides of the improvised wall which has been built as an embankment for their skating rink. When most of the older boys returned they had with them under their arms a pair of club skates, or skates of any pattern, therefore your readers can imagine better than words, how eager all are to put on their steel runners and glide over a smooth surface. Alas! the conditions of the weather is what prevents their doing so. Years ago, before the present generation of pupils, it was common to see snow and ice in the latter part of November. Not so now; from the north and west reports come of heavy snows and ice, but here we are enjoying—if enjoying it may be summarized—all conditions of weather.

The article that appeared in last Sunday's New York Sun, pertaining to the system of drilling as carried on in this institution, was from the pen of Lieut. Butler of the 22d Regiment N. G. S. N. Y., who acted as judge in competition for color honors a few weeks ago.

Mrs. William Greenough, for many years a member of the Ladies Executive Committee of this Institution, died on Saturday, November 27th. She was a frequent visitor here, and always had a pleasant smile for every one whom she met. She was a devoted worker in the interest of the deaf. Her loss will be greatly felt at all future meetings of the committee, as it was seldom that she was absent.

Prof. W. G. Jones entertained the members of the literary society with an interesting lecture on Coal. To most of the pupils, this word seemed an old subject for this versatile man to think of. But the manner in which he explained its use and value as an article of consumption, was indeed very interesting and instructive. He began with explaining the geological term of this substance, its compositions and how it is found. It was not known definitely when it was first used as a fuel, but history mentions its use in 852 A. D. Its use in the arts and manufactures, in London, was begun at the close of the 13th century. He then told where it was found, and showed statistics as to the quantities produced by each country, its cost and the manner in which it was mined. The number of tons used on an Atlantic steamship was from 2275 to 3000 tons for

a six and a half days' run, including delays. He concluded his remarks by showing what a powerful lever it was on the occupations, habits, manners, morals and politics of a nation which has to resort to the use of coal.

W. G. SHANKS.

Deaf-Mute Boys At Drill.

A WELL-SET-UP BATTALION AT THE NEW YORK INSTITUTION UPTOWN.

From the New York Sun.

Upper New York is a terra incognita to the average lower New Yorker. He may know where the Polo Grounds are; that is, he may know more about their location than that they are "at the end of the elevated," but he doesn't know much more than that. Yet there are many places worth visiting at the upper end of what old New Yorkers will still call "the city." Harlem, which isn't so far up, is worthy of a visit; and beyond Harlem there are other places—Lawson-Fullerville, for example, and High Bridge, etc.

Somewhere up there in a hollow between two hills looking out over the Hudson, stands the New York Institute for the Deaf and Dumb. To be exact, it stands at 163d Street and the Grand Boulevard; but when you reach it you forget about its being at the corner of two streets—you would say that it is on some "main traveled" country road. And in spite of its name you wouldn't call it an institution; you'd say it was a military boarding school. It stands in the middle of its own grounds, twenty-three acres of 'em, with a manual training school, and all sorts of things that institutions don't have.

But this story isn't to describe the institution which in its eighty years of life has been described often; it's to tell about something that goes on there now that didn't begin to go on at all until two years ago, but now is a permanent and continuing and very active fixture—if a fixture can be active.

They do many wonderful things up there at the New York Institution. They teach the deaf and dumb to be something—they make boys and girls of them, and put them in the way of being men and women, teaching them all sorts of trades and doing everything that can be done to offset Nature's handicap. And not the least wonderful thing they do there is to make the boys into soldiers.

Two years ago they began it. Everybody in the institution except the women teachers and the servants was put into uniform. The girls are in dark blue sailor suits, with blue Tam o' Shanter, with the monogram of the institution in front; the boys in cadet gray, with flat gray caps, and themen teachers in dark blue, with caps patterned like the regular army officers' caps. The effect has been remarkable. The great trouble with the deaf is that they slouch along and shuffle their feet as they walk. Since these boys took up military drill, they stand up straight and walk like soldiers. Not so long ago one of the teachers chased a boy whom he overtook him found he belonged to another school entirely. That little fact shows how the institution boys get over the ground since they began to drill.

The boys form three companies of about forty each, with officers chosen from among them for military bearing, class standing, and good conduct. The captains and lieutenants wear chevrons like those worn by cadet officers at West Point, the sergeants and corporals the regular chevrons. The drill is taught by a special instructor.

On Friday, Nov. 11th, the anniversary of the birth of Dr. Peet, for many years the principal of that institution, the battalion had a competitive drill to determine which company should have the colors for the following year. The ceremony began with a battalion parade. The companies marched on to the parade ground, formed on the centre company in accordance with regulations, and went through the entire ceremony as well as many a battalion at Peekskill. Line was formed, guides sent to their posts, ranks opened.

Not a word was spoken: the boys kept their eyes on the eloquent fingers of the Adjutant; he brought them to present arms as (they have no rifles as yet, each boy saluted with his right hand at his cap) and turned the battalion over to the Major, the regular instructor. The Major put the battalion through the two motions of the manual that can be executed without arms; the first Sergeants reported, orders were published, the officers advanced to the Major. Except for the silence, the parade might have been of the gray-coated Seventh.

Then came a review, when the boys showed what they could do in marching. There was no music, of course, so they didn't have the steady effect of a band; but they marched like veterans, and kept their proper distances with great success. After that came the competitive drill. Company A opened the ball. The commands were

given by the judge to the Major, who put them into finger talk. It was wonderful to see how quickly they were put and executed. And as in A Company, so in B and C companies. The mistakes that were made were such as a hearing captain often makes when he hears a command wrongly, and gives "Right!" when he should give "Left!"

The companies in turn marched in company front, broke into fours, formed line line to the right and left and to the front; opened ranks, did the facings, closed ranks, formed columns of twos, and reformed fours; all the time the boys in the ranks had to watch their Captain's hand, to see the boy ahead, and to look after his own feet. It was a wonderful example of rising superior to circumstances.

Company B, the present color company, won the colors for another year; its fours kept together better, and its cadence was better than in A Company. C Company is composed of little chaps, and though they put up a good drill, they were outclassed. Barring the competitive drill, the same ceremony occurs every clear afternoon up there at the institution, and any one who is interested in wonderful things should go up there. And if he waits long enough he will see a simple little ceremony that will make him proud—the color guard of those deaf and dumb boys marching up to the flagstaff, and standing bareheaded as the sergeant lowers the flag. They don't let the Stars and Stripes touch the ground; it's folded in the air and carried back to headquarters; and day by day it is hoisted and lowered, and that deaf and dumb color guard keeps it up out of the dust and mire, and sets a mighty good example to many a man who can speak and uses his powers to throw mud on Old Glory.

There are a good many things to make one think, up at the institution.

Jade, The Lucky.

Jade is the Chinese yu-stone, for ages regarded with superstitious veneration. The reverse of the opal, only good fortune attends its possessor, and whosoever bestows a gift of jade endows the recipient with a talisman against fat. "As you wish" is the symbol of the Chinese joo-ee, or wand of authority, made of jade, presented by a great official at the installation of an incoming dignitary; and, although only the finest joo-ees are of jade, those for less exalted purposes being of rock crystal, metal, or even wood, the sentiment is the same—"good will," "entire away."

The very first weights and measures of the Chinese world were computed by means of jade tubes, and the earliest bars or intervals of music known to that nation were determined by hollow bamboo canes of accurate length, afterward perpetuated in jade tubes having stops within, to be pulled out at the will of the player. Jade being considered infallible, its accuracy was not apt to be caviled at. Research reveals interesting traditions concerning jade. Not only the Chinese, but the Spaniard and Mexicans regarded the stone as an amulet against disease, particularly diseases of the loins and stomach and fits of epilepsy. In some instances the finder of an isolated piece of jade was supposed to be endowed with supernatural powers, such a piece being regarded as a holy thing fallen from Jupiter—the name that the treasure is called by, translated into English, meaning "thunderbolt."

Quetzacoatl, the great high-priest and lawgiver of Mexico, was believed to owe his birth to the occult influence of a piece of jade hidden in the bosom of the goddess Chimalma.

The Chinese value their jade carvings so highly that they are not often spared from the country. At times of national calamity, such as the culmination of the late war between Japan and China, the Western importers and jewelers have a chance to buy certain of the treasures. Jade is costly because not commonly found, and because it is exceedingly hard to work or to set gems in. A good deal of it now comes from New Zealand, where numerous superstitions attach to it. Grottesque figures of jade, having glaring red eyes, are worn on the breasts of savage warriors, and hatchets, sabers, and daggers of jade are owned by every Eastern soldier of rank, to be handed down as precious heirlooms to his descendants. In China, when an unusually large quantity of jade is found, the Emperor calls a council of artists to determine into what shape it had best be carved, as, owing to its extreme hardness, the form elected must follow somewhat the outline indicated in the natural formation.

The artist chosen will be made a mandarin if his carving is approved after having been subjected to public criticism for a year. If his work is condemned he is likely to lose his head, and certainly his reputation. With a thin piece of finely-tempered brass wire he may work for a week without having anything to show for his pains.

Twenty years is not thought overlong for an artist to work on a single piece of carving. The jade is generally green, but some specimens show beautiful gradations of rose and orange veining the mass. —*Leslie's Weekly.*

Scientific American Agency for PATENTS. CAVEATS, TRADE MARKS, DESIGN PATENTS, COPYRIGHTS, ETC. For information and fee handbook write to MUNN & CO., 361 BROADWAY, NEW YORK. Oldest bureau for securing patents in America. Every patent taken out by us is brought before the public by a notice given free of charge in the Scientific American. Largest circulation of any patenting medium in the world. 300-321, 3rd Ave., New York City. Tel. 3-1111. Agents for the U. S. Patent Office.

CHRISTMAS FESTIVAL AND TREE

to be given by the Guild of Silent Workers (of New York City.)

At St. Matthew's Church, 84th Street, bet. Central Park West and Columbus Avenue.

Thursday Evening, December 29, 1897 AT EIGHT O'CLOCK.

TICKETS, - - - 25 CENTS (including refreshments.)

Proceed will be divided equally with the Gallaudet Home and the Guild of Silent Workers. Come one! Come all! Deaf-mutes who are unable to pay admission price, will be admitted free.

ENTERTAINMENT COMMITTEE: W. S. Abrams, Chairman. Mrs. W. Buhle. Mrs. A. Yankauer.

THE STANDARD.



Price, \$50.00

The Standard bicycle is high grade in every particular, smooth and easy running.

"There are 'Standards,' but this is 'THE STANDARD.' It will pay you to see it before you buy. Send for catalogue.

Agents wanted everywhere.

THE STANDARD BICYCLE CO., 7th Ave., 28th and 29th Sts. NEW YORK CITY. Export Office 80 Broad St.

GRAND

BALL

of the

League of Elect Surds

(Formerly the Fanwood Quad Club of Deaf-Mutes.)

at the

LEXINGTON OPERA HOUSE

(58th St., bet. Third and Lexington Ave.)

Wednesday evening, Dec. 15, 1897

(Doors open at 8.30 P.M.)

MUSIC BY OUR FAVORITE.

Gentlemen's Tickets, - - - - 50 Cents Ladies' " - - - - 25 Cents

COMMITTEE OF ARRANGEMENTS :

PETER F. REDINGTON, Chairman, JOHN F. O'BRIEN, THEO. I. LOUNSBURY.

Manhattan Literary Association

FESTIVAL AND RECEPTION

COMMEMORATING

THOMAS H. GALLAUDET'S 110th BIRTHDAY

AT

St. Matthew's Guild

84th St., bet Central Park West and Columbus Ave.

Friday Eve., Dec. 10, (AT 7.30.)

TICKETS, - - - 35 CENTS.

Procure tickets early—before December 10th, and secure comforts and convenience, as the committee desires to know approximately how many to cater for.

Refreshments served at the expense of the Association.

Tickets may be procured of any member, or the Secretary, Theo. A. Froehlich, 125 East 90th Street, New York City.

GRAND OPEKA HOUSE

23d Street and Eighth Avenue. Augustus Pitou, - - Lessee and Manager J. Duke Murray, - - Business Manager

Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays.

PRICES: Orchestra, First Three Rows, - \$1.50 " Next Six Rows, - .75 " Next Ten Rows, - .50 " Circle, - .30 Balcony, First Row, - 1.00 " Second Row, - .75 " Next Seven Rows, - .50

TONY PASTOR'S

14th Street Theatre, near Third Ave.

Vaudeville and Variety.

Popular Prices.

THE PLEASURE PALACE.

18th St., East, bet. Lexington and 3d Ave. F. F. Proctor, - Sole Proprietor and Mgr. E. D. Price, - Business Manager. F. W. Lloyd, - Assistant Manager.

Vaudeville, Farce, Extravaganza, Every Afternoon and Evening.

Theo. I. Lounsbury

Book Job and Commercial Printer

Convention Proceedings Institution Reports Institution Stationery * Society and Church Work

226 East 59th St., NEW YORK, N. Y.

50 Visiting Cards, with name, .30 100 " " " " .40 50 fine " " " " .40 100 " " " " .60 Manual Alphabet, ten cents extra.

1787 1897

THE CELEBRATION OF THE 110---Birthday Anniversary---110

OF Rev. Thomas Hopkins Gallaudet

IN COPLE Y HALL

CLARENDON ST., BOSTON, MASS.

Friday Evening, Dec. 10, '97

PROGRAMME. Music by Prouty's Orchestra. Addresses by Invited Guests. Dramatic Entertainment, illustrating a part of Dr. Gallaudet's Life and Reminiscences of School Life in Hartford.

Dancing -- Banquet -- Games for Prizes

ADMISSION. Gentleman and Lady to the Hall, - \$1.00 Gentleman to the Hall, - .75 Lady, - .50 Banquet, each plate, - .75

Free use of Faneuil Hall, Saturday, December 11th, for social purposes. Religious meeting on following Sunday, notice of which will be given later.

RAILROAD FARES.

Reduced fares of one full fare going to Boston and one-third return fare from any important Railroad Station in New England States, New York State, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Delaware, Maryland, Wheeling, Parkersburg, and Huntington, West Virginia, and all points East thereof, have been granted on the following conditions:

Attendance at celebration of not less than 100 persons, holding proper certificates obtained from Ticket Agents at starting point, showing payment of full first-class fare of not less than 75 cents to Boston. All important stations are supplied with certificates. If your Station Agent has not any, he will inform you the nearest station to get a certificate, but above all do not buy full fare going ticket to Boston without getting a certificate. Mention "Gallaudet Celebration" to Station Agent when you ask for certificate. Upon your arrival at Copley Hall, give your certificate to the Manager, Mr. Geo. C. Sawyer or Mr. Edward Welch, for Manager's signature.

Souvenir journal with full particulars will be issued on or about November 1st. Send stamp for it. For further information address Geo. C. Sawyer, 49 Bloomingdale Street, Chelsea, Mass., with a stamp enclosed.

STATE REPRESENTATIVES.

MAINE. VERMONT. CONNECTICUT. NEW HAMPSHIRE. Albert Carlisle, A. B. Beacham, J. E. Crane, W. E. White, G. W. Wakefield, A. S. Heyer, H. M. Fairman, W. A. Deering.

MASSACHUSETTS. RHODE ISLAND.

W. L. Hill, Oscar Kinsman, H. E. Babbitt, C. H. Steere.

COMMITTEE OF ARRANGEMENTS.

GEO. C. SAWYER, Manager and Chairman. F. W. BIGELOW, Treasurer. E. W. FRISBEE, F. H. CLARK, A. A. SMALL.

FLOOR AIDS.

J. C. UNDERWOOD, EUGENE ACHESON, ALFONSO SHEAFE, J. D. NICHOLS, JOHN O'ROURKE.

EIGHTH ANNUAL

BALL

OF THE

Deaf-Mutes' Union League,

Central Opera House

Assembly Rooms

(67th Street, near Third Avenue.)

TO BE HELD ON

Wednesday Evening, Jan. 19, 1898

MUSICAL DIRECTOR, H. I. DAVIS.

TICKETS, admitting Gentleman and Ladies, 50 CENTS

The Committee begs to announce that, to celebrate the advent of any society of the deaf in the line of social functions in Greater New York, A BEAUTIFUL LADY'S WATCH will be awarded; to avoid invidious and unfair proceedings, the prize will be drawn by lot. The dancing orders, with numbers stamped thereon, will be handed to the ladies in the preliminary grand march, and a little boy or girl, picked from the crowd, and blindfolded, will draw the lucky number. There are no conditions nor any extra charge.

SAMUEL FRANKENHEIN, Chairman, GEO. M. TAGGARD, M. W. LOEW.

Ranald Douglas.

General Landscape Photographer. Railway Scenery a Speciality. We also make Etchings on Copper and Zinc from our own negatives only.

Livingston, N. J. New York Office, 401 W. 59th St. Cor. Columbus Ave.

PATENTS. Quickly secured. OUR FEE DUE WHEN PATENT OBTAINED. Send model, sketch or photo, with description for free report as to patentability. 48-PAGE HAND-BOOK FREE. Complete references and full information. WRITE FOR COPY OF OUR SPECIAL OFFER. It is the most liberal proposition ever made by a patent attorney, and EVERY INVENTOR SHOULD READ IT before applying for patent. Address: H. B. WILLSON & CO. PATENT LAWYERS, 710 Sixth Bldg., WASHINGTON, D. C.